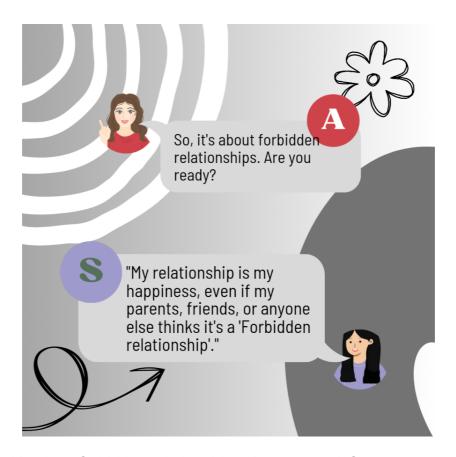
#139 Write about a FORBIDDEN RELATIONSHIP.

thelifeofmine3.wordpress.com/2024/03/08/9-write-about-a-forbidden-relationship/

March 9, 2024



Person 1: So, it's about forbidden relationships. Are you ready?

Person 2: (smiling) Yes.

Person 1: Before going into the topic, let me ask something to understand. What is a relationship from your view?

Person 2: I have two perspectives on relationships, and I'm not exactly sure which one I belong to.

Person 1: Okay, that's interesting. Can you elaborate?

Person 2: Being a disabled person, being in a relationship, and how I treat my relationship is much different from what I thought a normal girl's experience would be. Living through it is completely different.

Person 1: Your statements are a bit complicated. What are you trying to say?

Person 2: Throughout my life, I thought I would be walking and have a life like everybody else – following culture, being in tradition, and adhering to all the norms and rituals associated with relationships and marriage.

Person 1: Every relationship and marriage has its properties to follow, right?

Person 2: Yeah, of course, but being disabled, I construct my relationship apart from usual things. For example, I can't marry a person, but he is still my partner, with or without that identity. I don't suggest this to others; I differ from others, so my relationship differs from others, that's it.

Person 1: It's a little hard to understand, but okay, fine. Now come to the topic. What's that "Forbidden relationship"?

Person 2: Here, I should explain my own story. I don't know if I have the courage to explain, but okay, let me start.

Person 1: You should be strong; people should know the truth.

Person 2: Yeah. When my parents came to know about my relationship before 4 years, I saw my parents differently. I never imagined them this way, like even my parents are like other parents.

Person 1: That's really hard. Can I ask something? Why did you think so?

Person 2: (with a painful smile) Yeah, I knew that situation, their belief in me. I completely broke them with my relationship, but...

Person 1: No tears, please!

Person 2: If they thought they could make me stay away from him completely, to be honest, yes. If my parents thought to keep me away from him, they could have on that day. They had every valid reason. They literally convinced me against what I convinced myself about my relationship. They broke each and every part, and I came to the point that I don't even deserve a relationship in my life. It affects both of us. But then...

Person 1: Then what happened? Is anything serious?

Person 2: Till then, they stood in my shoes and thought about me and my future, but then it's all about society, religion, caste, relatives, friends, surrounding people. They thought about what I deserve and what I am, like typical parents. I never imagined my parents would be like that.

Person 1: Sorry to hear this. Do you want to continue?

Person 2: Yes, if it's about me, my future, and their life, I said I couldn't be in a relationship this far, I promise. But when they included and thought about others in my life without considering me, then I stood there. I need this relationship. It's mine, whether we are together or not. Until I live, it's my relationship. I will safeguard my happiness. "My relationship is my happiness, even if my parents, friends, or anyone else thinks it's a 'Forbidden relationship'."

Person 1: So do you still have that sting in your heart towards your parents?

Person 2: No, I don't. What I got hurt from them is the same hurt they would have felt on me. It's mutual hurting. Nearly six months, we couldn't have a good convo, guilt to face each other's. I was like something, very hurtful and depressed because I was very close to my appa.

Person 1: Then now they hate you?

Person 2: No, not at all. But I sense a difference from before and after four years happened. They forgot and forgave me.

Person 1: Are you happy now?

Person 2: With my parents and my relationship, I'm absolutely fine and pretty happy. But still, my parents might have another same attack. *laughs* (History might repeats)... \rightleftharpoons